2 September

At that time he used to repeat to himself, not without anguish, that the last act would perhaps not be a comedy ending and that life would fail him, not even all at once in screams and tears, which still involve a sort of glory and solemnity, but slowly in silence.

He felt all his faculties weakening and wildly regretted all the joys and all the beauty of life that he had not hugged to his flesh and to his heart.

4 September

The most extraordinary visions — he will have them when he is no longer in a state to describe them. . . .

Milton's blindness is frightful; but how much more horrible is Baudelaire's loss of speech!

8 *September*

I long ago became reconciled to not having anything glorious in my manner. If only the work is born, even at the price of a tremendous effort! , . .

25 September

Excellent visit of Paul A. Laurens and his wife (they spend four days with us); I talk with him as of old. I read him *Les Caves** He recalls that I already talked to him about it at Biskra; that is farther back than I remembered.

It seems to me that everything I have written up to now has been nothing but barking and outside show before the *real* show begins and that it is only now that the public is going to enter the booth.

3 October

Much pretense in all this. My satisfaction on seeing them is great; but I play it up and my laugh is artificial.

Paris, 2 November

Ten days of otitis and partial deafness. Excellent condition for work. Tomorrow my secretary begins work and a new regime starts.

This morning visit to poor Papa La P6rouse. I am noting the conversation elsewhere.

17November

Since *Q* November a secretary has been coming every morning-1 work with her from nine to eleven thirty and she types from two to five what she took down from dictation in the morning. *(Souvenirs de la*